

# The Boy in the Tower

by Warrior Nun

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Summary: This is the story of how I died. But don't worry, it's actually a fun story. In fact...it's not really mine. This is about a story of a young boy...and it starts with the Moon. CURRENTLY ON HOLD

## 1. Prologue: The Moon Flower

Everyone has heard of the Big Four on Tumbler, right?

The ultimate crossover of the biggest Dreamworks and Disney films: \_How to Train Your Dragon\_, \_Brave\_, \_Rise of the Guardians\_, and \_Tangled\_?

It's pretty common to see two or four respective universes to overlap to see what the situation is like for our protagonists, whether it is for romance or just plain friendship. Kinda like the \_Avengers\_ of \_Marvel\_.

I distinctly remembered a cross-over of RotG and Tangled story challenge on Tumblerâ€¦butâ€¦yeah; I wanna do something a bit different. Certain roles will be filled by the RotG cast (including appearances of certain characters from the original novel series, \_Guardians of Childhood\_) while others will be filled in by OCs.

But without further ado, let's get Tangled! Rise of the Guardians style.

Featured pairing(s): JackRabbit/BunnyFrost (Bunny/Jack), Pitch/OC, pre-Santa!North/OC

Warning: This fanfiction may contain yaoi/slash, sexual content, any forms of violence, usage of tobacco, alcohol, and/or drugs, strong language, random case of Out of Character moments, appearances of OCs, and things of that nature.

Disclaimer: I do not own rights to Rise of the Guardians or Tangled, both of them are rightfully owned by Disney, Dreamworks, and William Joyce. The featured OCs, on the other hand, is rightfully mine.

A thousand thanks to Gabriel Nichole, for putting up with me! I love you, my dear friend!

\* \* \*

><p>This is the story how I've diedâ€|<p>

â€|

What? Expectin' this story about some crazy cat lady or the one with the pixies that claim ta be a clan of vampires or somethin' like that?

No, no, this is different; I can assure youâ€|it turned out all right in the end. In fact, it's not even mineâ€|

Let me clear things up, this tale is actually about this kid named Jackâ€|

It all started with the Moon.

Now, once upon a time a single tear fell from the Moon, and from that tear blooms a silver flower. Legends say that it possesses the ability to heal any kind of sickness and injury. Farfetched, I know, but keep up with me.

Moving on, centuries passed, an' a hop, skip, and a boat ride away, flourished a kingdom. Ruled by a just King an' Queen, along with their only daughter, Princess Emily Jane.

Hmm? Where's Jack? I'm gettin' ta that, keep yer daks on.

Then some time later the Queen became pregnant again, but unfortunately she got sickâ€|really sickâ€|

She was almost at Death's door, and that's when everyone in the kingdom, even an annoying bum that hangs around in a street corner shouting "change", started to look for a miracle.

Or in this case, a magic flower.

After searching high and low, they finally found the magic flower that they were looking for. But, what they didn't know that someone actually owned it. Kinda sorta, I don't know all the details, so don't nitpick! Butâ€|what they didn't know is that the flower was already owned by someone else.

You see, this old Sheila, Maria Blood â€" creepy name, I know- found this flower practically hundreds of years agoâ€|probably before even you or I were even a thought, Hell even before the kingdom was founded. â€|Huh? Ya wanna know how could someone such as Ms. Blood who have reached to the age where she could break a hip at a mere step lived this long?

Well, I'll tell yaâ€|all she had to do was to sing a certain song, and went like this:

\_\*\*Flower, gleam and glow\*\*\_

\_\*\*Let your power shine\*\*\_

\_\*\*Make the clock reverse\*\*\_

\_\*\*Bring back what once was mineâ€|\*\*\_

\_\*\*What once was mineâ€|\*\*\_

In other words, she simply sings to it and it made her youngâ€|makes ya think twice about datin' if you come across her, doesn't it? It would be like dating old enough to be your great-great-great grandmotherâ€|brrâ€|

Getting back to the story, after returning to the castle, the magic of the silver flower healed their queen. Along with birthing a healthy baby boy- a prince, mind ya- was born. With a headful of beautiful white hair!

I'll give ya mates, a hintâ€|that's Jack.

To celebrate the lil ankle-biter's birth, the King and Queen launched a paper lantern into the sky. And for that one moment, everything's perfect.

Butâ€|that was only the start of the trouble.

Furious at the fact that they have taken her only source of immortality, Blood broke into the castleâ€|took Jackie out of his crib, and just like the fleeting shadowâ€|gone.

â€|Too scary for ya? I can stop if you like.

â€|You sure you wanted me to continue?

Well, you have sat through the child abduction in the night part long enough, so here it is.

The entire kingdom searched high and low, but they cannot find their small prince. Because deep within the forest, in a hidden towerâ€|Blood raised that lil ankle-biter as her own. Somehow, she found her new magic flower, and she would do whatever it takes to keep it hidden.

However, it'll take more than just a wall made of stone and brick to hide, each year, on his birthday, the King and Queen would launch over a thousand lanterns into the night skyâ€|

Hoping that one day, that their lost prince would return to them.

This is his storyâ€|

\* \* \*

><p>Please send in a helpful reviewcritique, any form of flames will be used to roast marshmallows.

## 2. Chapter 1: The Boy in the Tower

I thought I might have everyone know that I am going to blend in the lyrics of the film Tangled as dialogue throughout the story, but there is a possibility of you having that song playing in your head, enjoy!

Disclaimer: I still don't own Tangled or Rise of the Guardians.  
\_The only thing that I owned is a few OCs that will be appearing in this story.

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 1: The Boy in the Tower<p>

"Why can't I go outside?"

It was an innocent question, after singing that special song as Mommy brushed his growing long hair while he watched the fire. It took everything in his small being to not fall asleep while she was brushing his hair, not after learning that song since he wasâ€|two? Three, maybeâ€|he can't remember. It could be some kind of lullaby, it does sound pretty after all.

Every day and occasional night, it was like this. Singing that certain song that his Mommy likes while brushing his hair, he has been doing that as long as he could remember. This time, on that night, he could hear the pitter patter sounds on the roof and outside, seeing that it was raining. He would be lying if he said that he doesn't want to know what it was like, being out thereâ€|beyond the towerâ€|

"The outside world is a dangerous placeâ€|filled with horrible, selfish people," her voice held a stern and warning tone, but still have a soothing feel; her hands never ceasing in their brushing the snow white strands. "You must stay here, where you're safe. Do you understand, little flower?"

"Yes, Mommy,"

The world outside isn't that bad as Mommy said it wasâ€|right?

\* \* \*

><p>Fear<p>

That is all she is feeling right now

Fear of being foundâ€|fear of being caughtâ€|

It happened from time and time again, but no matter where she hid, he would always find her.

But this timeâ€|oh, this timeâ€|she found a perfect place.

She flew out of the window, just between the gap of the wooden shutters, hovering horizontally and left and right, before deciding on a perfect spot. She dove into a nearby pot of flowers, willing her heart to calm down as she tried to catch her breath.

She could hear his footsteps, nowâ€|all she had to do is to wait it out.

"Ah-HA!"

"Ah-HA!"

Feeling confident, Jackson threw the window but was greeted by fresh air, a beautiful sunny dayâ€|and potted flowers on the window sill. However, from the corner of his eye, he could see the slight movement in the pot of pink flowers. Then an idea formed in his head, he smiled as he moved a long strand of white hair out of his face.

"Hmâ€|well, I guess Baby Tooth is not out hereâ€|" he spoke, to no one in particular. "Maybe I should look elsewhereâ€|"

The small bluish-green hummingbird, now known as Baby Tooth, noticed that he was giving up and couldn't help but chirp-like laugh triumphantly. Finallyâ€|after all this timeâ€|she finally won!

Then suddenly she felt something wrapped around her little leg and yanked her upside down, finding herself face to face with the familiar grinning face that is looking at her in the same angle.

"Got 'cha!"

Baby Tooth squeaked out in surprise, how did he keep finding her?! Her tiny feathers ruffled a bit before smoothed out when she calmed down.

Jackson chuckled while basking in his victory, again, as he gently lent the small bird down on the window sill. He gracefully landed on his bare feet, flipping some of his hair off of his face in the process.

"Okâ€|that's 22 for moi," he spoke as he yanks his strand of hair off the hook with ease. He looked at his best â€|and only- friend with a huge smile. "How about 23 out of 45? You might get more creative in your hiding places!"

The hummingbird stared up at him like he was crazy. They've been playing a marathon of hide and seek all morning now, and he still has enough energy!? What is this boy running on? She glared at him, clearly doesn't want to continue the game. Sure it might mark her as a sore loserâ€|but still, time for something new!

Picking up the hint that she is clearly not up for another round of hide-and-seek (admittedly, it is a game that he's good at, he is the seeker after all), Jackson just shrugged as he took a seat by the windowsill, with a dark brown eyebrow raised.

"Alright thenâ€|what do you want to do?"

It could be anything, just something to pass the timeâ€|

Perking up at the offer, Baby Tooth hopped around and pointed to the ground with her small wing. Jack looked over, and hesitation was

shown on his face for a brief moment. She can't be serious, right? Then he glanced over to her, and found out that that she is definitely seriousâ€|and really wanted to go outâ€|\_there\_.

What would Mom say if she found out that he took a step outside? No, no! Too risky! Way too risky!

Jackson shook his head a bit from that ugly scenario before smiling his trademark grin as he gently grabbed Baby Tooth by her tail feathers and set her on his knee.

"Yeah-noâ€|I don't think so, Baby T," then he cocked his head to the inside of the tower. "I like it in here, and so do you."

That is a good enough excuse on not to go out, right?

The small bird just stared at him blankly, before blowing a raspberry for a second.

Probably notâ€|

The teen smiled, even though it seemed a bit strained, as he gently cupped his friend into his pale hands.

"Come on, Baby Tooth, it's not so bad in thereâ€|" it was more like reassuring to him than to her, but she'll let it slide as he slipped back inside of the tower. Jackson made a running start across the room before using a good tress of white hair to hoist himself up to one of the beams. Using that tress as a rope, Jack scaled up with ease before planting his bare feet upon the wooden beam. Then he took another lock of hair used it as a rope and lassoed around a lever before pulling on it as he jumps back down to the floor, with Baby Tooth fluttering down with him.

Jack looked up at the clock, seeing that it was only seven in the morning. He smiled as he cupped his hands for Baby Tooth to land.

"Alright, Baby Tooth, you know the drillâ€|"

It was just a usual morning line-upâ€|

While his mother was out and about, usually getting some food and clothing, Jackson kept himself busy with the chores around the "house". And by house, a 70 foot tall tower, which he measured one time!

With his own hair none the lessâ€|but that is not the point.

Even with eased practice, it is kind of hard with hair as long as the tower's height. Sweeping the floors, mopping, and dustingâ€|he had to place some of his hair on higher places like the table or a drawer in order to get it out of the way. Polishing and waxing was always his favorite part, he used the brushes as skates and the mop as a support. Baby Tooth helped in her own way, though it was Jackson that gave her the movement as they slide across the floor, he thought it would be fun if they made a figure eight.

Next up was the laundry, and some of dish-washing. Jackson made some last minute sweeping before looking up at the clock once more. He

grinned as Baby Tooth peeked out from his hair.

"7:15â€|that's a new record!" he let out a sigh of relief, feeling slightly exhausted after the usual line of house-working around the tower.

\_Now what to do nextâ€|?\_

After setting the broom back with the cleaning supplies, Jackson looked around before setting his attention to the bookshelf. Which is strangely only housed a few books, but why would he complain? At least he could use a break; Jackson peeked through the choices that were present to him.

"Hmâ€|let's seeâ€|there's botanyâ€|geologyâ€|basic cookingâ€|" three books to choose from, this would be a tough choice. Jackson shrugged as he just gathered them all. "Why not all, right, Baby Tooth?"

Baby Tooth chirped, fluttering about on his shoulder as they head upstairs to his room. It would be nice to learn about plants, different rocks, and how to cook. For what seemed to be a thousandth time this yearâ€|

Is it really a thousand? Somehow Jackson lost count on how many times he read them. Even though they are the only reading material in the tower, he practically memorized all books and could recite all contents in his head. But, it was nice to read them nonetheless, besides there is a possible passage that he might have missed. After reading all three books, Jackson used his hair like a rope swing to paint another mural on his personal gallery, which consist any known surface of the tower walls. Some furniture also had the painting treatment, each one were from simple childlike to elaborate as his portrait of a young woman holding up a small white rabbit in a green field. He was just throwing in some finishing details on her dress.

"That looks goodâ€|what do you think, Baby Tooth?" he asked the small bird as she perched on one of the paint vials that he brought up with him. Jackson just placed on golden intricate swirls that made the woman's white dress grand.

The hummingbird stared at the latest painting before giving her approval, making him smile.

Now what to do next?

Wellâ€|there is playing the guitarâ€|

\_\*\*c/ it's another 24 hours in the tower\*\*\_

\_\*\*24 hours in the tower\*\*\_

\_\*\*24 hours in the towerâ€|\*\*\_

\_\*\*Added to 149019! c/ \*\*\_

"I GOT BLISTERS ON MY FINGERS!" Jackson made a sign of horns after he strummed on the guitar strings. Baby Tooth chirped as she flapped her wings rapidly, since it was the closest thing to clapping.

Knittingâ€|

"â€|pearl one, pearl two, pearl one, pearl two, aaaaaand finish!"

Jackson held up his finished project, and stared at the results. It seemed that he had gotten carried away with the pearl one-and-two and made the scarf long.

Againâ€|he should pay attention more.

"It's not too long, is it, Baby Tooth?" there was no reply. "Baby Toothâ€|?"

Worried, he looked over to the snaking pile and found that the said bird was almost buried up to her beak in knitted yarn. She could only squeak up, since Baby Tooth was unable to fly out of the coiling pile of scarf.

There is also cooking, a trait that he had mastered since he was eight years old. Baby Tooth watched eagerly on his shoulder as he took out a freshly baked pecan pie, greeted by the sweet aroma. "All finished, now let's see if it taste good as it looksâ€|"

Then he trailed off when he notices something that caught his eye. Above the fireplace was what looked like a piece of wood that was carved as an ornate door, but that was not the thing that he noticed. That section behind it might be the canvas for the next painting project that he had in mind.

\_And I have the perfect thing to paintâ€|\_ Jackson thought to himself, measuring the height and width with his thumb. After mentally getting the measurements, he went over to a jewelry box that he used for his art supplies. He scanned over the colors to see which colors that are fitting for his latest project before picking out the paint vials and hop up the fireplace mantle to place on for later.

Until then, preparation for lunchtime!

Jackson searched through the pantry to give Baby Tooth something to eat till his blue eyes landed on his pouch of roasted sunflower seeds. He smiled as he took it out before searching for a small bowl. His Mom didn't know that he was keeping Baby Tooth from her, considering that she refused to bring him a puppy, a cat, or any kind of animal to keep him company whenever she was out.

"They are too much of a hassle to take care of; you don't know what kind of disease you would catch from them."

He was only five years old at that time (and hair still growing), but he really gets lonely when she wasn't back in three days.

But one day, when she was out on an errand as usual, Jackson came across a small bird that when he was staring out at the window as usual. He couldn't see it clearly, but whatever it was, it was trying to evade a hawk that was pursuing it relentlessly. He was worried for that small thing and didn't know what to do to help, since he was stuck in the tower.



So he could only do one thing.

Jackson quickly opened up the shutters wide, and stood on his tippy toes, waving his small arm towards the bird, hoping it would see him.

"Over here!" he cried out, not knowing whether or not that the smaller bird heard him.

As if Fate had heard him, the small bird flew towards him with the hawk following in tow. Jackson could feel his heart beating faster as the large bird (in his five year old perspective) was heading towards him, he could shut the window right now but he can't. Not with that small bird still in danger. It seemed like forever for him, but it was only mere minutes as the bird quickly flew in, making Jackson jump at the chance of quickly shutting the window.

He tried not to flinch when he heard something hit roughly against the wood and a loud squawk but kept his weight against the shutters. Jackson waited until the noise subsides, showing that it was safe to open. But he didn't want to take that chance, the hawk was one thing but his Mom finding out that he let something inâ€|she would be mad!

Then something squeaked softly behind him.

Jackson blinked as he turned around and saw what kind of bird it was.

A hummingbirdâ€|or at least that was what he remembered when he was reading about animals. Though this one is a bit different from the books he read. While it possesses the same bluish green feathers, its features that stood out were its single golden feather on top of its head and heterochromia of blue and violet eyes. The hummingbird stared at him with curiosity, hopping towards him a bit.

The boy blinked before kneeling down to cup his hands. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you," he reassured it. The hummingbird cocked its head a bit before darted over to him and fluttered into his hands. Jackson smiled as he gently stroked her- he presumed that it was a girl-colored feathers. "Are you ok?"

Her response came in the form of a cheerful chirp, hopping out in his hands. He giggled at the sight, until something fell out of his mouth. Both the bird and the boy look down saw what fell out. The sight brought a bright smile to Jackson's lips as he picked it up with his other hand.

"My baby tooth!" he exclaimed. The hummingbird looked up to him with curiosity. Jackson looked over to her as he held up his small tooth, showing a gaping hole in his small teeth. "This is a baby tooth; I read it somewhere that if I place it in my pillow and if I'm a good boy, I would get a gift from the fairy."

Then his smile fell as he stared at the small tooth in his hand.

"Butâ€|what I really want is a friend." He looked around of the room in the Tower. "It gets lonely here." Then he looked over to the

hummingbird with large eyes. "Will you be my friend?"

Mom did say that animals don't understand human speech, but at the time, the hummingbird seemed to understand him. To solidify that fact, she hovered over to him and nuzzled against his cheek. A soft laugh escaped from his lips as feathers tickled his chubby cheek.

"You're really cute, Baby Tooth," Baby Toothâ€|that sounds like a perfect name for her. Especially since his first baby tooth fell outâ€|and he finally gained what he wanted for a long time.

Someone to call a friendâ€|

"From now on, I'll call you Baby Tooth."

Jackson smiled at the memory before pouring a small amount of sunflower seeds into the bowl and set it out for his friend. "Eat up, big girl," he said fondly to her as she flew over and pecked out the sunflower seeds while Jackson prepared his own lunch.

The day isn't over yetâ€|

After lunch, found some puzzles and some darts in one of the chests in his room. Jackson smiled brightly when a third dart hits the bull's eye. There is also baking, though he might have went a little overboard with the pumpkin seed cookies. Baby Tooth seemed to enjoy them regardless. He tried his hand in paper machÃ© by creating a mask in his likeness.

"Hmmâ€|I wonder if it would fitâ€|" he placed his finished project over his head and faced the small hummingbird. "What do you think, Baby T?"

All he earned was a frightened squeak.

Jackson have read something about a different type of dancing, this capoeira caught his attention wanted to try it out himself. Sounds about easy right?

"Ok, just place foot hereâ€|and jump and fliiiiiiiiiii-GAH!"

THUD

â€|Well, not really. Oh and also, chess, which he was playing against Baby Tooth at the same time. While on the ground, wrapped in hair, Jack made a blind guess on which chess pieces and made a move. Judging by her shocked chirp, he must have won!

But that is not all, he gotten a hang of pottery, and with a help of Baby Tooth's, he made some designs on his latest pot. Jackson tried his hand in ventriloquism, but since it requires a special doll where it needs a movable mouthpiece, Baby T is up for it. Somehow he managed to throw his voice to say "I like pudding" while drinking a glass of water. Jackson also made sure that they have a good supply of candlesâ€|

"Phewâ€|I think that's enoughâ€|" he said, blowing away his white bangs as he looked aroundâ€|finding what seemed to be more than a 100

candles.

Only to find out that he went a bit overboardâ€¦

After doing so much, he could stretch out his limbs, need to keep flexible and limber throughout the rest of the day. Maybe sketch more on his art piece, practice rope climbing with his hair, and even learn to sew a garment! Like a dress or something!

If he had some time to spare, he could re-read the booksâ€¦even if he already memorized every syllable. He could paint the walls some moreâ€¦that is if he could find some room. But there is one thing that he could stand to do.

And that is to brush and brushâ€¦brush and brushâ€¦and brush and brush his hair. "Aaaandâ€¦that's a thousandâ€¦phewâ€¦" Jackson leaned against the beam after brushing out the tips of his white hair. He glanced over and saw that Baby Tooth made herself a small nest in one tress, taking a nap.

A nap doesn't sound like a bad ideaâ€¦

Yupâ€¦that is pretty much his life in a nutshell. Stuck in the same place he has always been since the day he was born, with the same question playing in his head: When will his life begin? Though, to be honest, not all days are bad.

Tomorrow night will be a special night.

That is when the lights will appear in the dark skyâ€¦just like they do on his birthday each year.

And tomorrow would mark his 18th birthday.

Jackson glanced over to his finished project, a night scene with the numerous lights decorating throughout the sky. Glowing as they gently floated upwards. He had been watching out of his window as long as he could remember now.

But he had to askâ€¦what is it like? Being in the same place where they glow.

\_Since I'm olderâ€¦maybe, just for once, Mom will let me goâ€¦\_

That is what he thought to himself as he placed one last finishing touchâ€¦his self-portrait, outsideâ€¦gazing at the lights.

\* \* \*

><p>Please leave a comment or review<p>

### 3. Chapter 2: A Very Big Day in the Tower

Here it is, kids, chapter two with another songâ€¦sorta. Maybe XD

A thousand thanks to Gabriel Nichole once again and also the only thing I owned is the character Maria Blood and the Monkeypunch twins.

\* \* \*

## ><p>Chapter 2: A Very Big Day<p>

\* \* \*

><p>7 a.m. the usual morning line-upâ€|<p>

Start with a quick breakfast at some roach motel, and go over the plans with the guys.

Shower up, suit up for the occasion, and pick up the suppliesâ€|

Re-check the plans again, and by then, it was now 7:15 a.m.

He'll deck himself out with his trademark leather duster, his suede boots, and even a cool belt.

Check his teethâ€|smooth out his hairâ€|and basically, just the same routine that he was always in.

This is just another day for Phoenix Carpenter, the world's greatest thief.

Not to mention certified ladies' man extraordinaireâ€|

Of course, this is what he called himself.

His associates, the Monkeypunch Twins, on the other hand, didn't think so. He was just extra help. It was surprising how high their tolerance level was, though Raksha, the elder twin, is more vocal about his obvious dislike of him than his silent brother, Asura. But nevertheless, they work as an effective team just to get the job done. Most of the time, they made Phoenix do the grunt work.

And mostly come up with chicken feed and, in Phoenix's opinion, not enough action.

But not this time, this timeâ€|they're going to strike big this time!

Faraway in a great kingdom known as Eclissi, there was a valuable treasure that is worth to land them a beachâ€|perhaps the entire island! The possibilities are endless!

7:40 â€" the job starts.

After reviewing the blue-prints of the castle (provided by a friend of a friend of a friend's cousin), memorizing the guards' schedules, and going over the planâ€|they're ready. Skipping to the best part, Phoenix lead the brothers as they slid down one of the tower roofs before leaping one edge to another with the perfect balance of a cat. They finally reached to a particular part of the castle that is not only located to the throne room, but also housed their target.

The Crown of the Lost Princeâ€|

While not being native to the kingdom, nice place by the way, but the story of the Lost Eclissian Prince reached to even the farthest

parts, right down to the underworld. Sad as the story sounded, there were no evidence of the prince is alive or not. It didn't even stop certain little boys coming up to the King and Queen claiming to be the lost prince only to be sent away after one night later. (Thank the Moon in Heaven that the King and Queen are generous to let that soul rest before sent back home). Don't get him wrong, he did felt sorry for them. A little bit. But feeling sorry wouldn't place bread on the tableâ€|and that crown will get him at least hundred breads on the table.

Best plan ever.

Phoenix hid behind a structure as one of the guards walked by, waiting until he's out of sight for him to make sure that the coast is clear while monkey-faced twins are opening up the glass roof. When he looked up, he marveled at the sight that was bathed in the morning light. The kingdom would stretch as far as the eye could see, beyond the palace walls to shops and houses until it only reached to the very connection to the outside world across the water, the long bridge. "Wowâ€|I could get used to a view like thisâ€|" he whispered in awe.

Which is quite true, anyone would get used to a view of the scenery like that. Those who think otherwise, needed to get their eyes rechecked. He would just stare at it forever.

"Carpenterâ€|Carpenter!"

But Phoenix held his hand up, in order to silence. "Hold onâ€|just for a minuteâ€|"

The twins looked at each other, looking clearly irritated. Whatever he is doing, he should hurry up. They're running on a schedule here! After- exactly, nonetheless- a minute, Phoenix finally straighten up with his hands on his hips and a smug grin on his face.

"Yupâ€|I'm used to it," he spoke up, sounding confident while looking around. "Guys, I want a castle. A big oneâ€|"

Raksha rolled his eyes as he stalked towards their accomplice. They needed to speed things up if they want the crown.

"We do this jobâ€|you can buy your own castle," Phoenix was too busy admiring the scenery to even notice the larger man behind him. And before Phoenix could even react or make a sound, Raksha grabbed him and rather roughly dragged him backwards. "Hey! Watch the jacket!" Next thing he knew, Phoenix was tied with a rope around his chest and was being lowered into the throne room, where the crown sat upon a pedestal like it was an important artifact. That was surrounded by a team of guards.

Ah, the joys of being a thiefâ€|and a team player.

It is almost eight in the morning, and he hasn't felt a bit tired at all, even if he only stood guard armed with a halberd. That went the same for his colleagues, after all tomorrow is an important day. Preparations around both the castle will begin at exactly nine, being watched over the King and Queen themselves. Everyone in the kingdom pitched in for the preparations, excitement was practically buzzing,

and it was only morning.

But he knew better—he was sure that everyone else knew too.

It was just about 17 years—almost 18 now—

A sigh escaped through the guard's nose while keeping both his eyes and ears open. There are no excuses for slacking off or failing at this job.

"Ah—Ah—ah-CHOO!"

"Ugh—hay fever?"

The guard looked over to the speaker with a casual smile. "Yeah," he replied before standing back in his post. A minute after, the guard did a double take and saw a familiar figure that was scaling up to the roof with two other faces that he recognized.

Oh crap—

"Hey—wait! HEY!" his voice quickly gained the attention of his fellow guards as he watched the thieves escape helplessly. He was too preoccupied to even notice one of the guards ran off to report to their superior officer. The Captain is going to bite off his head—

Phoenix let out a laugh as he and his two (somewhat) comrades ran across the bridge leading into the forest. Not only they pulled off what seemed to be the greatest heist ever but they wowed the crowd! Which said crowd would follow behind them any second now; in form of the castle guards—on horses and arrows, really sharp, POINTY, arrows—?

He'll worry about that later.

"Can you picture it, a castle just for yours truly? I don't know about you two, but I can! Oh the things we've seen and it's only eight in the morning!" he could not help but make a spring in his step, not noticing a single eye roll from the younger twin of the Monkeypunch brothers. Why do they bring him along again?

"Gentlemen, this is a very big day!"

\* \* \*

><p>"This is a very big day, Baby Tooth,"<p>

A smile was stretched on his lips as Jackson placed away in his paint box. Baby Tooth helped out the best she could by placing a few brushes in, on at a time before flying up to perch on his arm. "I'm finally gonna do it—I'm gonna ask her!"

His voice was sure and filled with confidence. The hummingbird smiled as the best she could, she is so proud of him. Maybe now that he is older, perhaps this time—

"Oh Jackson~"

The said teen gasped with excitement when he looked up. His blue eyes

were lit up like stars. She's here...

"Let down your hair~"

Jackson couldn't help but smile wider, feeling childishly giddy. "It's timeâ€¦" he whispered to Baby Tooth as she flew up to his shoulder.

Baby Tooth puffed her breast feathers out, looking valiant as if saying "stand strong, soldier. Don't give in". Jackson laughed softly before holding up a finger for her to fly on. "I know, I knowâ€¦now come on, hide and don't let her see you," he set her within the curtains that draped around his latest mural above the fireplace. Baby Tooth hopped into the shade that was provided by the curtains, watching her friend hopped down to the floor with ease before making his way to the window. Silently wishing him luck, hopefully his mother would give him permission this year.

"Jackson darlingâ€¦I'm not getting any younger down here," the youth heard his mother called up to him as soon as he opened up the windows.

"Coming, Mom!" he called, looping his white hair on the hook at was hanging in front of the window before tossing the rest over the ledge. He watched the hooded figure of his mother from above catching the end of his hair, looping around his hand before forming some sort of harness and tugged a bit to signal him to pull her up.

Despite the fact that he was lean build, Jackson gathered enough strength to pull her up. It was a routine that they have perfected over the years; other than the window, the tower has no other way to enter, so they made use of his hair as some sort of rope. He was surprised that he didn't develop some muscles after the years of pulling his mother up, since Jackson noticed that there was a slight, for a better lack of word, difference between their weights, but that that's a thing that he would keep to himself.

Once that he finally pulled her up to the ledge, she stood up straight as she shook her wavy hair out, revealing graying shades within the dark color. She was still looking good despite her age (again another thing that he kept to himself); she still obtained her hour glass-ish figure underneath the burgundy dress that he made for her. But in his opinion, no matter how old she gets, she's still pretty in his eyes.

His Mother Maryâ€¦

"Hey, welcome home, Mom," he greeted, smiling lovingly, pulling the rest of his hair back inside as his mother sighed but returned the smile anyway. Pulling her up was no easy feat; Jackson was feeling a bit out of breath, despite being used to the routine. He could feel his biceps aching, but he had to save face in front of her.

"Oh, Jacksonâ€¦how you managed to pull off something like every day that without fail," she spoke, stepping down from the window sill but not before placing the basket aside. "Even with a physique like that, it must have been exhausting, my dear," His mother cooed softly as she caressed his cheek, looking sympathetic at what he had been doing since...eleven, maybe? He can't remember anymore.

Being the considerate boy that he is, Jackson kept a smile as he calmed his breathing. "Well, it's nothing, don't worry about it," he replied, shrugging a bit. Which is kind of true, after all he had grown used to it. Besides he didn't want to worry his mother.

"Then I don't know why it took so long," she said, tapping the tip of his nose a bit. The way she said it, it sounded like she was talking to him as if he was younger—and if he actually delayed. Wait—it only took him a few minutes to get to the window—

Just when he was about to say something, his mother threw her head back in a hearty laugh. "Oh, don't worry, baby boy, I'm just teasing—"

Oh, teasing—that's just Mom's quirk.

"Um—ok—" he said, deciding it was best to not question it and accept it before following his mother who went over to the mirror, examining her face and neck to search for any flaws on them. He doesn't know why exactly, other than making sure that she's pretty. This is it—it's now or never. "So, Mom, as you know that tomorrow is a very big day and—"

"Jackson, look in that mirror," she cuts him off at mid-sentence, gently positioning him in front of the looking glass, to gaze at their reflections looking back at them. "Do you know what I see? I see a strong, confident, beautiful individual."

Jackson listened to those words closely as he stared at his reflection, and couldn't help but feel—uplifted. Those were the nicest things that she had ever—

"Oh look, you're here too~"

Wait, what?!

After looking at Jackson's shocked expression, his mother laughed again.

"Kidding~, oh, sweetie, stop taking everything so seriously!" Oh, she's teasing again—he should have picked up on it by now. Mentally choosing his words carefully, Jackson took a deep breath through the nose and exhaled, he decided to speak up again. His Mother, on the other hand, was a bit busy checking her complexion—what is she trying to find on her arm? Never mind—

"Ok—right, Mom, like I was saying, tomorrow is a big day, HUGE, even—and I was wonder—" Then he found himself cut off. The second time this morning—

"Jackson, Mommy's feeling a bit tired—" then she turned to him with a sweet smile. "Would you sing for me, honey? Then we'll talk."

Singing—? Of course! Singing their favorite lullaby while she was brushing his hair, it was their favorite time together!

"Oh, right away, Mom!" he replied excitedly before running off.



Maybe if he sang to her, maybe she would let him goâ€|but firstâ€|

His Mother's favorite chairâ€|check. That stool he has been sitting since he was twoâ€|double check. And something elseâ€|he couldn't put his finger on, oh Mom is going over to her chair. Jackson helped her down, not realizing that he practically pushed the woman in her seat before running back to rummage around the drawers to findâ€|Ah! His hair brush!

Jackson rounded back to place the brush in his Mother's hand before taking a seat upon the stool and place some of his hair on her lap. He sat up straight, like the good boy he is, closing his eyes before starting to sing the lyrics that he knew by heart; his white hair glowing brightly as freshly fallen snow.

\_\*\*Flower,  
gleamandglow\*\*\_

\_\*\*Letyourpowersshine\*\*\_

\_\*\*Maketheclockreverse\*\*\_

\_\*\*Bringbackwhatoncewasmineâ€|\*\*\_

Of course, he wanted to hurry up and get straight to the point. So how it wouldn't hurt if he sing a little bit faster than usual right?

Unfortunately, his Mother didn't think soâ€|"Waitâ€|wait!" but Jackson didn't notice her begging, and kept on singing at the same pace, causing the glow to speed up as well.

\_\*\*Healwhathasbeenhurt\*\*\_

\_\*\*ChangetheFates'design\*\*\_

\_\*\*Savewhathasbeenlost \*\*\_

\_\*\*Bringbackwhatoncewasmine.\*\*\_

If Jackson had opened his eyes on time, he would have notice the graying hairs regaining their dark night color back on his mother's curly head or the wrinkles smoothing out as red returned to her cheeks and lips. Even when he opened his eyes, he still didn't notice the difference, he was too excited to tell her.

Despite her looking like she was crossed.

"Jackson, reallyâ€|!" just when she was about to scold, Jackson leaned in close to his mother, bracing his hands on the armchair.

"So, Mom, what I'm trying to say about tomorrow but you didn't really respond so I'm gonna tell you that tomorrow is my birthday! Ta-da~" Jackson smiled up to her as he hugged her arm. Surely she remembered right?

His mother thought as she think about tomorrow before shaking her

head. "No, no, it can't beâ€¦I distinctively rememberâ€¦" then she looked over to him with a loving smile. "Your birthday was \_last\_ year."

Ohâ€¦she doesn't. "That'sâ€¦a funny thing about birthdays, Ma. They'reâ€¦kinda an annual thingâ€¦" He tried not to make it sound like he was sassing her, which he doesn't want to sound like, but he's getting older. Almostâ€¦grown upâ€¦

And it's time to speak to her like he's grown up. Taking a deep breath and steeling his will, Jackson sat down back on the stool and looked up to his Mother with a little bit of a puppy dog look.

"Momâ€¦I'm turning 18â€¦" ok that's a good start, now next is to tell her what he want for his birthday this yearâ€¦what he really wanted for a long time. "What Iâ€¦what I want for this birthdayâ€¦" then he consciously grabbed some of his hair and fiddles with it out of habit as he tried to speak out. "Technically, what I really wanted for a few birthdays for a whileâ€¦" then Jackson's voice trailed off into mere inaudible words until they're barely considered words.

His mother rolled her garnet eyes at this. "Jackson, you're mumbling," she reminded him sternly. "You know how I feel about the mumblingâ€¦blah blah blah blah, it's very annoying."

Jackson almost flinched at that, he didn't know that he was mumbling again. It was a rather bad habit that was hard to break fromâ€¦he didn't mean to be annoyingâ€¦

"I'm just teasing, you're adorable! I love you so much, Honey-Face!" she suddenly cooed sweetly as she teasingly poked the tip of his nose with her manicured red nail. All Jackson could do was feel the awful sting of what she said before, watching her as she stood up to place away the fruit that she bought from one of her errands. It was the day before the start of him becoming an adult, and it definitely shows that he has yet to learn about being a proper grown-up. Jackson sighed softly as his shoulders started to fall, as if someone placed a heavy beam across them. Just when he was about to feel down, Jackson heard the familiar chirp nearby. He looked over his shoulder, seeing the familiar bluish-green feathers of Baby Tooth. She urged him with a gesture of her wing to go for it, no matter what.

He nodded before taking a deep breath one last time.

It's now or neverâ€¦

"Mom, I wanna see the floating lights!"

Mary paused in her placement of an apple into the fruit bowl, before turning to him with a questioning look. "Could you repeat that again?" she asked, an elegant dark eyebrow was raised.

Jackson smiled to himself, feeling more confident as he stood up before walking over to the fireplace to pull back the curtain a bit to reveal his latest mural. It was a painting of a night scene with what seemed to be little balls of light drifting into the sky.

"I was hoping that you would take me to see the floating lights, out there." He replied.

The older woman stared at the painting, before nodding in what seemed like a dismissive way. "Ohâ€|you mean the stars."

What she didn't expect was Jackson's eyes lighting up to a shade of sky blue. "That's actually the thingâ€|" he then used one strand of hair to loop around one of the higher windows to open, in order to shed light on another one of his murals, showing an impressive star chart with the silhouette of the tower as the main point. "I've been charting stars and they're always constant and changingâ€|but these lightsâ€|" Jackson looked over to his Mother, eager to share his information with her. "They appear on my birthday, and only my birthday. And nothing else."

Okâ€|so far so good.

"I have to see them, Mom. But not just from my windowâ€|in person, right there! I need to know what they areâ€|"

Surely that she could let him go, after all that, right?

â€|Right?

"You want to go outside?" she asked before scoffed. "Oh, Jacksonâ€|" Then Mary closed the windows shut loudly, he jumped at the sound that echoed throughout the whole tower. He quickly looked up as his Mother went over his side, gently taking his hands and spun him a bit. "Look at you, fragile as a flowerâ€|still a tiny sapling, just a sprout."

Jackson kept the comment of him being almost as tall as her to himself when she reached up to pat his head. He didn't want his mother to think that he was being a smart-aleck. .

"You know why we take up residence in a place such as this," she reminded him.

Oh he knew why. "I know but-" he was about to argue (gently) but she cuts him off again.

"That's right, all in order to keep you safe and sound, my dearâ€|" Jackson looked over his shoulder to see her caress his impossibly long hair with her cheek. Mother Mary sighed dramatically as she went over to the curtains of the stained-glass window. "I always knew that this day was coming," The teen blinked as she pulls the curtain over, darkening the room a bit.

She's notâ€|

"And one way or another that you want to leave the nest and spread your wingsâ€|soon but not yetâ€|"

"Butâ€|" then Mother Mary gently placed her finger on his lips, silencing him.

"Hush! Trust me, petâ€|" then smiling slyly, she made her way to a particular beam by one of the steps. "After all, mother knowsâ€|best." Which a bump of her hip, the main window by the ceiling reeled in shut. Incasing Jackson to the merciful hands of

darknessâ€|

Oh, God, not again.

Fumbling around for something to provide him some light, Jackson managed to find himself a candlestick and lit it with a match they have lying around. It was small but it would have to do, to search around the darkness for his Mother.

His dear Mamaâ€|

"Listen to your mother, it's a scary world out thereâ€|" Jackson gasped when he turned around he didn't see her behind him, creeping up from the darkness like a lurking creature. It doesn't really help that a certain light angle made her garnet eyes look a shade deeper. As soon as he backed away, Jackson felt something tug at his hair hard. He didn't notice that he dropped his candle-lit, darkening his surroundings once more as he pulled his hair back in order to release it. After a brief tug-o-war, whatever is tugging on his hair suddenly let go and cause him to stumble on his feet backwards. Just when he was about to hit the floor, he was caught by none other than his mother. It was a wonder that there is still enough light to create some sort of haven for him.

"I promise in one way or another, something will go horribly wrong," just when he was about to speak up, she suddenly blended back in darkness once more. Jackson's blue eyes widen when he saw the shadow puppet of a threatening looking man. "There would be ruffians and thugsâ€|" Then up next is what looked like a vine-like brush. "Dangerous plants like such as poison ivy and stinging nettle, quicksandâ€|'

'People that eat other people, snakesâ€|and worseâ€|'

Jackson managed to get up on his feet, even when his knees started knocking, only to come face to face with a shadowed face of his Mother, looking dead and sickly green with a green lantern in her hands. "The Black Plague!" The way she said it sounded like the moaning wind.

"No!" he cried out, backing away.

Mary smiled widely at his reaction. She still got itâ€|

"YES!" Jackson backed away when he saw her rather unsettling smile, which is rather scaring him. He immediately regretted when Mother Mary disappeared in darkness again. "There are also bugs of ginormous sizesâ€|" Then he felt something hitting him in the back of his head, losing his balance to fell, only to break his fall with his hands, only to come face to face with a rather crude image of a man with very sharp monstrous teeth.

"Men with pointy teethâ€|" Jackson scrambled away with a cry of fright, didn't get the chance to see his mother in a rather melodramatic pose of fainting. "Oh, stop no more! You'll just upset me!" Mary shifted her crimson gaze, smirking to herself when she saw her son sitting in a fetal position and wrapped himself up in his own hair like a white cocoon, protected by a small candlelight. Eyes darting around to watch out for possible dangersâ€|

Goodâ€¦just what she wanted before making her next move.

Jackson knew that it was silly to get scared, even when he's now an almost adult, a grown-up! Grown-ups can't get scared over stuff like that! But the things that his Mother said about the outside worldâ€¦do those things really exist?! "Momâ€¦Mamaâ€¦" his voice was nothing but a mere whimper.

"Don't worry, Little One, Mommy's right hereâ€¦" her soothing voice and her gentle touch was all he needed to know, looking over to see his Mother shrouded with her usual hooded cloak. "Mommy will protect youâ€¦" she held her arms out wide to him, with a smile that held a thousand promises. Jackson didn't hesitate and practically sprang up to his Mother and embraced her tight, as if it would be used as a charm to dissuade the monsters away.

"But, Darling, here's what I suggestâ€¦"

Somehow something felt wrong when he hugged on what supposed to be his Mother. Her waist and bust felt somewhatâ€¦hard and wiryâ€¦

He pulled back only to find out that what he had been hugging all this time was the mannequin that he used for sewing. "What theâ€¦" he looked around until he saw his Mother walking down the stairs, wearing yet another one of her hooded cloaksâ€¦with candles all lit up like a runway.

How did she do that?!

"Skip the drama, and stay with Mama. After allâ€¦Motherâ€¦" she smiled widely, as she took the up the flaps of her cloak. "â€¦Knows best!" Her laugh echoed throughout the tower while she quickly putting out the light. Jackson blindly reaches through the darkness for a match, managing to find one before lighting up fresh candles that he made this morning. But not knowing his Mother followed closely behind him, playfully snuffing out the candlelight.

"Take it from your mumsy, Jackie, on your own you won't surviveâ€¦" she practically sang.

Now that he thought about itâ€¦he hasn't been outside for as long as he could remember. He didn't know what to do if he ever set foot out. Jackson almost jumped out of his skin when he found his Mother behind the mirror in front of him.

"You're sloppy, not to mention underdressed," she redirected the mirror downwards to show him the reflection of his bare feet and the torn edges of his corduroy pants. Instantly made him self-conscious about his appearance; it's not his fault that he doesn't like shoes! They're really uncomfortableâ€¦

"When they find out that you're childish and clumsy, they will eat you up in a heartbeat!" Jackson had no time to react when he found himself tripped up and rolled up in his own hair, leaving him powerless to do something. "May I add that you're so gullible, naïve, not to mention that you haven't bathed in a whileâ€¦" wait, he does shower regularly!

He'sâ€¦not that dirtyâ€¦right? Just when Jackson was about to ask, he found himself spinning around so fast that he had to wobble around to

keep his balance, feeling really dizzy as a result. The whole room seemed to be still spinning around, and it doesn't help that it was still dark.

"Ditzy andâ€¦a bitâ€¦hmm, to put it bluntly, vagueâ€¦" then she took a good look at him before adding, "And, I think you're putting on some weight there, Honey Boo-Booâ€¦" Ok, he is not good at math, but Jackson knew that he is around at least 90 pounds! Especially since he was eating mostly vegetarian dishes! Just when he was about to protest, Jackson felt his mother's manicured hands pressing tightly against his cheeks as she held him close to her.

"But I'm just saying 'cause I wuv you so much!" then as quick as a blink of an eye she disappeared into darkness. "And remember that Mommy understandsâ€¦"

Jackson practically screamed in fright when all lights were shut out, engulfing him in complete black.

"Mommy's here to help you when you need itâ€¦and all I have is one requestâ€¦"

By the time he turned around, a sole light lit up in the center of the room, finding his mother with her arms wide open to him. Jackson couldn't help but smile with relief and didn't waste any time by going over to her side quickly, embracing her tightly as he nuzzled against her less than ample bosom. Everything will be fineâ€¦as long as Mama is hereâ€¦

"Jackson?" he heard his mother spoke to him.

He gently pushed off of her to look up; his blue eyes were wide with curiosity at her gentle expression.

"Yes?' he asked sweetly.

His mother's gentle smile slowly turned into a frightful glare, he was surprised that he didn't flinch on the way her red eyes narrowed at him. He felt her fingers clenching around his slim shoulders tightly as she gazed down at him.

"Don't ever ask to leave this towerâ€¦again."

It took everything that Jackson has inside of him not to cryâ€¦not to throw out a tantrum. But his mother seemed so firm about her decision. He had no other choiceâ€¦but to obey.

He is after all her little boyâ€¦

"Yes, Mamaâ€¦" his voice was meek and soft, barely audible. But there is no doubt that she could hear him.

Mary sighed, satisfied with his answer. That was a close oneâ€¦

"I love you very much, Jackie," she spoke softly, lovingly stroking his long white tresses.

Jackson looked up to her, with complete love and adoration in his eyes. "I love you more."

"I love you mostâ€|" Mary tilted his head forward a bit to kiss the very crown of his head. She smiled as she tilted his head up. "Don't forget what I said, my dearâ€|after all, mother knows bestâ€|"

"Ta-ta~! I'll be seeing you soon, my flower!" Mary called up to him as she slid down his hair.

Jackson watched her head over to the entrance of the cove from the tower, feeling the heavy sensation in his heart.

Is it sadness?

Disappointment?

He couldn't tellâ€|

"And I'll be hereâ€|as usualâ€|" he sighed heavily as he removed his hair from the hook. He felt something prickle on the corner of his eyes, making him to wipe away his tears quickly. Noâ€|he's a big boyâ€|no a man! Men don't cry!

Do they?

Jackson removed himself from the window and head upstairs, followed by Baby Tooth who fluttered up ahead to meet him in his room. He placed back the curtains that served as his bedroom door and went inside, picking up his guitar that was leaning against a wall. He plopped his bottom on the mattress, bouncing up and down a bit before tuning the guitar strings a bit. Once he set them in the right tune, Jackson strummed a small tune before softly singing.

\_\*\*I've got my mother's love\*\*\_

\_\*\*I shouldn't ask for more\*\*\_

He took a good look around his room, a cup that served as a holder for his paintbrushes, his favorite books, and a vanity mirror that held some hair care tools.

\_\*\*I've got so many things\*\*\_

\_\*\*I should be thankful for\*\*\_

\_\*\*Yes I have everythingâ€|\*\*\_

Then Jackson paused as he looked over to the curtains that served as a border between his room and the rest of the tower.

Exceptâ€|well, \_\*\*a door.\*\*\_

\_\*\*Perhaps it was better that I stay in\*\*\_

\_\*\*But tell meâ€|when will my life begin?\*\*\_

As soon as he finished his song, he heard a sad chirp from Baby Tooth, looking over to her only to see the said hummingbird staring at him sadly. Her entire face practically says that she was sorry.

Jackson sighed again as he strummed one string.

"Wellâ€¦at least I tried, right?"

\* \* \*

><p>The last song that Jack sang was one of the first reprise of  
<em>When Will My Life Begin?</em> that was cut out, it was available  
on the official soundtrack of\_ Tangled\_.

Oh and have fun wondering who Phoenix Carpenter is ;)

Author's Note(s)

Monkeypunch Twins: More or less a reference to Monkey Punch (real name Kazuhiko Kato), the creator of the popular manga series \_Lupin III\_ since I can't pick out which characters of \_Rise of the Guardians/Guardians of Childhood\_ that would fit the Stabington Brothers of the \_Tangled\_ film. Plus it also references a secondary villain of the original \_Guardians of Childhood\_ third novel, \_Toothiana, Queen of the Tooth Fairy Armies\_. Raksha is a reference to a malicious spirit/demon of Hindu mythology as Asura is referred to a chaotic spirit in the same neighborhood.

Eclissi â€" Italian for Eclipse

#### 4. Chapter 3: Ascending the Tower

In this chapter, we will meet a familiar black mareâ€¦

I still don't own either Tangled or Rise of the Guardians/Guardians of Childhood, they're both respectively owned by Disney and William Joyce and DreamWorks

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><p>Chapter 3: Ascending the Tower<p>

He had forgotten how many miles they have run, but he was supposed that he was considered lucky to have a strong pair of legs and enough stamina to make him to the elite games in track. Thank you years of perfecting the run free method in the place where love is abundant, lights were bright and the locals have spoken the most beautiful language that he not only heard but cannot understand, oh and they have impressive architecture, that lady church is his favorite. Though he doesn't like how that creepy old man in black gave him the stink eyeâ€¦saying something about Roma and disgusting ratsâ€¦

However, there is a time where he needed to rest.

Phoenix finally leaned against the tree as his "companions" also stopped for a breath. He noticed that there were something nailed up to the trunk, and noticed three pieces of paper with familiar faces hand-drawn in ink.

\_Oh, wanted postersâ€¦\_he thought to himself before taking a double take. \_Wait, wanted posters!?!\_



Ripping one of them off, he found out that it was him.

Wanted—dead or alive. Knowing the guards, they probably wanted him dead. But that's not the worst part.

"Oh, no—" he groaned, feeling panic arose in his chest.  
"Nonononononono—this is bad! This is very bad! This is really, really, bad!"

The twins breathed heavily as they glared at their panicking "comrade". So there are wanted posters of them, big deal. They're practically a common sight around known town. Hell, they're each worth at least five hundred grand. So what's his deal?

"They just can't get my nose right!"

To emphasize his findings, Phoenix held up his wanted poster, showing his charming smile, his long hair pulled back in a low ponytail, and his angular face. Only thing that set the picture off is his nose, they somehow made it bulbous instead of straight. Oh the modesty over one's appearance, how humble is thee. The urge to punch him in the face is getting hard to resist, the elder twin just rolled his eyes as he glared at him.

"Who cares?" he drawled. Asura just glared out of his remaining eye, with a look that is enough to kill a man.

Phoenix just glared back at them, feeling insulted. "Easy for you to say!" then he knelt down and marveled the accuracy of their posters. "You two look amazing—"

He can't lie on the accuracy that the artist have, they got everything of their features, right down to the certain scars. Even that mole—that is a nice mole—

Then he broke out of his thoughts when he heard horses. Phoenix looked up and his eyes widen in shock when he saw the guards overhead. Well, there goes the break. Without even a second thought, he shoved the wanted poster into his satchel that contained the crown and made a break for it after the twins.

They just couldn't catch a break these days—

They made turns throughout the woods and just when they thought that they made to a clearing—

They all came across a dead-end. Figures—

Phoenix went ahead to examine the cavern wall before them. It looked too high to climb over, but that is when an idea formed in his head. He whipped around to his comrades, wanting to make post-haste with the goods.

"Alright, give me a boost, and I'll pull you guys up!" That sounded like a simple plan, yes?

The twins looked at each other, from what Phoenix could tell is that they seemed to have that psychic twin thing where they could speak to each other telepathically. Of course such a thought would be silly, there is no such thing as telepathy! A few seconds later, one of them

finally spoke.

Well, Raksha mostly does all the talking.

"Give us the satchel first." He said, holding his beefy hand out, almost expecting the satchel.

And there goes the simple plan.

The thief gasped with mock shock as he stared at them. He had been with those two for how long?!

"After all this timeâ€¦you still don't trust me?!" he questioned. "I can't believe you two!"

His only response from the said twins was the blankest stares that he had ever seen. He could have sworn that he heard crickets in the background.

"Ouchâ€¦that's just cold."

Guess he had to do what they (well, Raksha, Asura never said a word) say and just give them the satchel.

-Few minutes later-

Raksha stood on his younger twin's shoulders, grunting in pain as he felt Phoenix's boots digging into him. He felt his face being pushed back, by Phoenix's boot nonetheless, the dark-haired man glared up at the latter once he was on the ledge.

"Now help us up, pretty boy!" he demanded, holding his hand up. He doesn't know how long Asura will take his weightâ€¦not to mention the possibility of the guards coming.

Carpenter stared down at them, studying them with his green eyes before smirking at them.

Waitâ€¦

"Sorry, boysâ€¦" then he held his hand up to revealâ€¦

!...The satchel!?

"But my hands are full." He grinned widely as he sprang up on his feet and hit the dirt road.

Raksha's blackish brown eyes widen with horror as he patted around his person, only to find out that the satchel wasn't there.

\_When did heâ€¦?!\_ All questions buzz about in his head, not couldn't get any answer.

He let out a growl as he glared after the retreating back of the thief. Oh, he will pay for that dearlyâ€¦

"CARPENTERRRRRRR!"

\* \* \*

><p>Phoenix slid down the grass before making a turn when he saw a small team of guards heading his way, picking up speed as the thundering hooves became near.<p>

"Crap!" he cursed, commanding his legs to go faster.

Those guys never give up!

\* \* \*

><p>They have already captured the notorious Monkeypunch Twins, now they had to get the third one.<p>

The infamous Phoenix Carpenterâ€|

That man had done some thievery in the past, but when he had the balls to even steal the precious crown of their lost prince.

Oh, there will be Hell to payâ€|especially it was a day beforeâ€|

"Retrieve that satchel at any cost!" the Captain of the Eclissi Guard commanded the rest of his troops behind him.

The soldiers nodded, understanding their objective. "Yes, sir!" they chorused.

But interestingly enough, they're not the only ones who are determined to keep up with their agenda.

Onyx, the lead horse of the castle guard, neighed in the same authority as her rider, getting the same braying response as well from her fellow teammates, willing to follow her without question. Armed with only her fierce dedication and demonic speed, there is nothing that she couldn't doâ€|

Letting a common thief run off with the priceless treasure of the kingdom is a task that she would not fail! She hasn't earned her nickname, the Black Nightmare, for nothing!

With that drive in mind, the black mare pushed to her limits and raced on.

Carpenter will rue the day when he crossed her pathâ€|

\* \* \*

><p>"WHOOOPS"<p>

Phoenix barely made it as he power-slide underneath the large tree root, only to be provided as a convenient shield from the flying arrows before picking up the pace again. He had forgotten how slippery that grass maybe with the morning dew, but it provided him the speed he needed as he raced over to the tree, while at the same time dodging arrows left and right before diving through the large opening, smirking as he glanced over to see some of the guards blocked by other branches.

\_Almost home freeâ€|\_

"We got him now, Onyx!"

Or notâ€|balls.

He had to think of something fast, otherwise he had to deal with the possibility of sharing the same cell with the twins after that stunt he pulled on them. Spotting a rock and some vines, Phoenix speed up before using all of his momentum to jump for the vine and swung around to get behind the guard captain.

Who was just aiming his crossbow at himâ€|this is not his time to die yet! Smiling widely, Phoenix placed all his weight to kick his armored ass off of the horse and land on the saddle with perfected ease. He was so excited that he ushered the horse that he was on to speed up more, this job is getting better  
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaandâ€|

Why did they stop?

There are certain people, mainly the authority that tends to give him the stink eye at the moment they laid eyes on him. Receiving the Stink Eye from a HORSEâ€|that was newâ€|

And scaryâ€|is it even possible for a horse to have golden-yellow eyes?

No, no, there's no time to sweat the detailsâ€|besides, this is a stupid animal! Heâ€|.or is it a she? Whatever, it's time to show this overgrown pony who's boss! Phoenix is just the man to take the job.

"Come on, you smelly fleabag! Forward!" He urged on, trying to get the horse to move.

Onyx kept glaring at him, not moving a muscle. What possess this man to think that she could change her alliance so easily, just because there is a different rider on her back?! Then she spotted something on his hand.

Waitâ€|is that the satchel!?

It is!

Not only Onyx caught the thief, but she also retrieved the crown! In her excitement, she reached over to grab the strap but found it pulled away from her muzzle.

What theâ€|?!

"Nooooooooâ€|" he drawled out, scolding the horse as if she was a human child that had been caught stealing cookies.

Then horse tried to reach out for the bag again, making him pull the satchel back.

"Noâ€|" can this dumb horse take a hint?! Then they found themselves in circles as the guard horse and Phoenix taken into a tug-of-war until Phoenix yanked back so hard that it flew out of his hand. They could do nothing but watch as the satchel sail through the air, until it landed upon a branch of a fallen tree.

That is leaning over the ledge of a cliff.

Huh.

Phoenix blinked.

He glanced over to the horse from the corner of his eye, finding the golden eye staring back at him. She seemed to have been thinking the same thing.

Then quick as a whip, Phoenix quickly jumped off of the saddle only to find himself to be shoved to the side by the mare's large black body, but that only strengthened his resolve and pushed her back. He had worked hard to steal that damned crown, and he is not going to jail for it!

Not by a horse above all things!

Just as the guard horse was about to gallop, he tackled her down before getting back up on his feet. Only to have his foot dragged back and the stupid horse was getting ahead of him again. Already, she's trotting across the tree trunk with the perfect grace.

Oh, it's not over yet!

Phoenix sprung up on his feet and with perfect timing, he leapfrog upon her back and was about to climb over her. He tried to get a good grip around her neck but she kept shaking around until the horse finally shook him off. Onyx looked around, her ears twitching for any sound. There was no scream, so he didn't fall down to the chasm. Which leaves to only one thing—she looked down and lo to be hold, there he is, clinging to the bottom of the tree like a rat.

Well, not for long.

Glaring down at him, Onyx slowly but carefully stomped upon the trunk, hoping to get his fingers. But somehow she missed, every time. The cursed thief was just scampering underneath, heading to the satchel and getting faster by the minute. No—he can't—she must get to it first! She must!

Carpenter managed to get leverage from one of the branches and used them as monkey bars before grabbing the leather strap and smirked at her in triumph.

"Ah-HA!" already he felt good, just looking at that pissed off glare from the horse.

SNAP

—THAT—is not a good sound.

Next thing they both know, they found themselves falling down the cliff, clinging to the tree as their only way to survive. Already, Phoenix could see his life flashing before his eyes. He can't die here—not before he's rich!

The only thing that he could do right now—was to scream.

It seemed forever, however that ended as soon as the tree finally fit the rock that was sticking out, sending them both flying into the air and down below.

This is NOT how his day should end

\* \* \*

><p>Onyx was lucky that her first instinct to act on when she was to roll into a ball the best she can as she tumble down the hill before finally landing in a rather undignified heap. But she couldn't let that slow her down. She has a mission to complete!<p>

She sprang up on her hooves before setting her muzzle to the ground and sniffed around. Little known fact among the palace guard herd is that Onyx has a sense of smell that can suppress a bloodhound's. And tracking a thief's scent is no impossible task for her.

Little did she know that Onyx might be overlooking some things as she pass by some rocks nearby

Phoenix had to count his lucky stars as he poked his head out from behind some rocks that were conveniently there when he landed (safely and, miraculously, alive). He kept his head down behind the rock formation as soon as he recognized the snort before looking out to see if the coast is clear.

And sure enough, it is.

But not for long if Phoenix wanted to keep the crown till he pay it off and live another day, he'd hightail it out of here before that damned horse find him. Phoenix was about stood out of his hiding place, he almost tripped when his hand met air pass the curtain of hanging vine-like plants.

As soon as he regained his balance, he found out that there was a hidden opening to some sort of cave.

Huh even more convenient.

Then a neigh was heard off in a distance, he had to move fast.

Phoenix dove pass the drape of vines and pressed himself against the stone wall as he watched the shadow of his nemesis dashed back, obviously searching for him before running off in another direction. He let out a breath that he doesn't know that he was holding before noticing that there was light shining in, leading to yet another opening to well, hopefully someplace farther away from that damned horse.

When he ventured further, his green eyes widen with amazement at the sight before him.

It turns out that there was a rock pit, which looked more like a beautiful valley, complete with a makeshift waterfall and some vegetation that served as a waterfall. But that's not the only thing that caught his attention. Before him - standing at least 70 feet from his calculations - was a tower that was smackd in the middle of the place.

Phoenix couldn't help but let out a whistle.

"Impressiveâ€|" and it was no lie. Though the question isâ€|how long has it been there?

Then his train of thought was broken when he heard a familiar neigh from the distance. Crap, no time to think about it! Luckily for him, he was lucky enough to grab a couple of stray arrows that barely missed him - thank you, Universe, for the gift of sticky fingers â€" and used them to climb up on whatever crack that he could find upon the aging white bricks. Though he is surprised that despite how old they look, they still hold up.

But enough of that, he has a horse to get away from!

Summoning up all the strength he have in to use for his upper body (which is awesome without the shirt, by the way), Phoenix scaled up the wall without stopping till he finally reached to the window, quickly scrambling inside before slamming the window closed.

He was short of breath, feeling exhausted, both physically and emotionallyâ€|

Dealing with the monkey-faced twinsâ€|on the run from the guardsâ€|

This type of stress would kill a man!

Butâ€|in despite of everythingâ€|it was worth it.

Phoenix smiled as he peeked inside his satchel, gazing at his prize with pride.

"Alone at lastâ€|"

KONK!

â€|Or not.

\* \* \*

><p>Who knocked him out? Is that person a friend or a foe? Will the dashing thief Phoenix Carpenter FINALLY met his match? Tune in next time on The Boy in the Tower, same fanfiction time...same fanfiction site!<p>

As always please comment or review, all flames will be directed to the fireplace.

## 5. Chapter 4: Stranger in the Tower

Ok, I'm gonna start this chapter off with something a bit differentâ€|I don't normally post up review replies from the last chapter often but this is a special caseâ€|

This person is anonymous and asked a very unique question without giving me some way to reply back. What a considerate individualâ€|

It's ok if you guys just carry on and read the latest chapter ;)

**\*\*KI\*\***: Yes, Phoenix and Bunny are two different people but YET at the same time they are the same. I wish I could be more specific and less cryptic than that but that would mean giving out spoilers. But never fret, I DID choose that name Phoenix Carpenter for a reason. If you like, you can stick around to see what it is. If you don't want toâ€¦it's cool, your choice.

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 4: The Stranger in the Tower<p>

Last Chapter:

"Alone at lastâ€¦"

KONK!

â€¦Or not.

This Chapter:

Let's rewind back for a minute or soâ€¦

We find our (real) hero was currently up in his room, just softly strumming his guitar as he tried to think of another song, while at the same time thinking about the events that occurred earlier this morning. A heavy sigh escaped from his lips as Baby Tooth perched upon the headstock, watching him with sympathy. Within 24 hours, he'll be 18â€¦so when will his mother accept the fact that he's a grown up?

Then his train of thoughts was broken when he noticed that his throat felt a bit dry. Maybe he should hydrate himself with something refreshingâ€¦maybe get a snack as well. Jack looked over to Baby Tooth, who looked a bit sullen as she stared at him. He smiled brightly as he can, there's no need for his best friend to feel bad. He is Jackson, the embodiment of smiles and fun times! Frowning is outlawed where he is standing!

â€¦Sittingâ€¦but that's not important.

"Hey, wanna get a snack or something?" he suggested, hoping that it would perk the small bird up.

To his satisfaction, Baby Tooth let out a chirp as she hovers over to his face and gave an affectionate nuzzle against his cheek. Jackson laughed softly, gently smoothing out the feathers upon her head before setting his guitar down and stood up upon his feet. He walked out of his room, pushing the curtains that served as his bedroom door back a bit as his long hair trails behind him.

Heading downstairs, Jackson looked around in the kitchen to find something for him and Baby Tooth to nibble on. The small hummingbird made her temporary home upon his white mop of hair, taking part in the search as well. As he searched around, he heard something outside. Blinking in confusion, Jackson looked over his



shoulder.

"What theâ€¦" His mother was usually gone for about an hour or so, bringing back some groceries for meals or some fabrics for new clothing to make. So that would meanâ€¦

Raising a finger to his lips to signal Baby Tooth to keep quiet as Jackson stepped back into the darker parts of the kitchen to hide in; he never thought that he should be thankful that his mother closed some curtains and windows. The only thing that let light in was the main window. He watched in silence, while groping across the counter behind him to use something as a weaponâ€¦as soon as the intruder climbed through the window.

â€¦someone other than his mother came inside the tower.

Someone came into the towerâ€¦

SOMEONE CAME INTO THE TOWER.

\_But how did he get up here? \_

That was the first thing that came to his mind but that was not important at the moment as the intruder- a man from what he could tell just by looking at his back- slammed the window shut. Leaving only him all aloneâ€¦

Even though he has Baby Tooth, but she's too small. Not only that, she might get hurt.

His fingers felt something long, cold and metallicâ€¦frying pan. That would make a good weapon. He curled his hand around the handle before grabbing it. Jackson slowly crept behind the intruder as he breathed heavily, his back still on him. He seemed to be distracted at the moment, looking into what looked like once of those purses that his mother liked, but not as fancy.

"Alone at lastâ€¦"

...NOW!

KONK

He watched with anticipation as the body quickly became limp and hit the floor, and the most logical thing that he could do was let out a frightened cry before running to hide behind the nearest thing.

The sewing mannequinâ€¦not a big enough hiding place for him.

â€¦In his defense, it was the first thing that he could get behind. Jackson peeked behind the headless (and limbless) doll, wheeling it over to the unconscious form of the intruder. He tried to keep his breathing even, even though his heart was beating rapidly against his ribcage. His mother worked so hard to make sure that no one would find their homeâ€¦

Would find HIM andâ€¦

Then he shook his head at the upcoming thought. No, no! He can't think about it right now! It would only worsen the

situationâ€|

Besidesâ€|could he beâ€|one of those ruffianâ€|or thug guysâ€|thug-ruffian? Thruffian?

Whateverâ€|those bad guys that Mom warned him about?! It doesn't really hurt to checkâ€|

From what he could see, the man doesn't look very big (at first)â€|and he seemed to be wearing an ensemble of dark brown boots, a pair of slacks with a lighter shade, and a dark green vest over a white shirt. Huh, different from what he imaginedâ€|

Andâ€|his hair seemed to be long, pulled back in a low ponytailâ€|waitâ€|is the color bluish-grey?

Cautiously stepping out from behind of his hiding place, Jackson took his frying pan before lowering himself near to the man's level. He then poked at his shoulder with it to see if there is any reaction. Still downâ€|goodâ€|but still not enough to reassure him. He shifted his blue gaze over to Baby Tooth who shrugged at him. Not before going over to the sketch of the pointy-toothed man that his mother had painted on the flow and indicate by placing up her wings by either side of her beak.

She even made an imitation of growling, despite only came out as a chirp.

Jackson flipped the pan around so that he could use the handle; there is no way that he is getting physical contact with a stranger! He carefully parted the man's lip apart a bitâ€|just to seeâ€|all straight teeth, not even a fangâ€|

"Huh?" he was confused now.

His mother seemed certain that all men have pointy teethâ€|even mentioned that they are hideous beyond belief. Jackson held his breath as he use the handle once again to flip the man's bluish-grey(?) hair off of his face. Just when he was expecting a misshapen face riddled with warts, instead he came across another thing that set him apart from what he is expecting.

The man's face was angular and his skin is smooth and has the color tone of olive. There were deep blue markings adorned upon his forehead, in a floral design from what he can see. He seemed to be rugged in appearance but there is something about him that seemed...

As he leaned in close to inspect the other man's face, Jackson saw a green eye suddenly snapped open.

"â€|Eh?"

A gasp was heard as the youth did the first thing that came into his mind: hit him over the head with the frying pan.

But this timeâ€|with eyes closed.

He could feel his heart racing faster by the minute as Jackson opened one eye to see if the man is really down, breathing heavily as if he

ran out of breath. Thankfully the man is really knocked out cold this time. But he won't know if it would lastâ€¦

â€¦there's one thing he could do though.

\* \* \*

><p>I'm sorry for the shortness of this chapter, but I promise that the next one will be a bit longer! And as always, please leave a critique, review, and/or comment!

## 6. Chapter 6: Stranger in the Closet

Happy Thanksgiving and Black Friday to all!

I wish for everyone to be safe on this 24 hours of shopping Hell on Earth, and please stay away from shopping centers of any kind. The last thing I want is anyone hurt :( Or worse...

Anywho, I hope that you all enjoy the latest chapter of The Boy in the Tower, and as usual, the only things that I own are the OCs while both Tangled and Rise of the Guardians are respectively owned by Disney, DreamWorks, and William Joyce.

And a thousand apologies for overlooked mistakes

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 5: Stranger in the Closet<p>

\* \* \*

><p>As it turns out, trying to place someone inside a closet to hide is no easy feat. Granted that it took all effort to drag him over to the closet, using his hair as a rope nonetheless, but, man, is this one heavy! He could feel the roots connecting to his scalp screaming in protest as he does so. Judging by his physique, he might have more muscle than Jackson.<p>

Which he briefly stared enviously a bitâ€¦but that's not the point.

The most important thing is to place him inâ€¦someplaceâ€¦so that he can't hurt him or Baby Tooth!

â€¦Of course there is a bit of a problemâ€¦

Trying to stuff a grown man into a closet is harder than he thought. He tried different waysâ€¦first he tried to shove him in, but it only backfired by having the man fell on top of him. He used his hair, but he should have thought this through when the doors were slammed on his hair. He forgot that he mummified the man inside itâ€¦

â€¦He had no idea how he could fit the entire body positioned like thatâ€¦

Finally Jackson managed to stuff the man inside with a broom before blocking the door with a chair. He breathed heavily, brandishing the frying pan like a sword; ready to strike back in case he regained

consciousness and managed to break out of his wooden prison.

"Alrightâ€|alright, alright, alrightâ€|I got a person in my closetâ€|" he panted. "I got a person in my closetâ€|"

As soon as he calmed down, Jackson started to notice about what about the mini mantra that he had going on now.

He, Jackson, has a person-OTHER THAN HIS MOTHER- in his closetâ€|

"Iâ€|got a person in my closet!" A smile split his face as he turned to the mirror in front of him. Not only he took out the intruder, but he also found a way to make sure that he wouldn't hurt him! All by himself! He let out a triumphant whoop as he jumped into the air before smiling smugly.

"Too weak to defend myself, eh, Mom? Ha, tell that to Mr. Frying Panâ€|" Jackson attempted to twirl the pan like a baton, but only to end up hurting himself in the head.

"Owâ€|" came out a pained wince as he brought a hand up to his forehead. Why did he thought that it was a good ideaâ€|?

As he nursed his slightly injured head, Jackson noticed something twinkling inside the bag via reflection. The youth turned around and spotted the said object on the floor before making his way towards it. He bent down and pulled out of the contents to see the strangest-yet the most beautiful- thing that he had ever seen.

It was circular, and seemed to be made of pure silver. It was adorned in beautiful blue jewels, sapphires he had read one time from one of his books. The object reminded him of the rings that his Mother is so fond of. But it was too big to fit around a fingerâ€|so a bangle maybe? To test out his theory, he placed it over his arm before finding out that it was too big. It just hung loosely around his stretched out arm.

It doesn't look too badâ€|but he can take a second opinion. Jackson then looked over to Baby Tooth, holding up his arm as he asked the silent question. The said bird stared at the strange object around his arm and shook her head.

Pretty as it looks, it definitely doesn't look like a bangle.

Jackson blinked before removing it and peered through the jewels, seeing a multiple images of Baby Tooth.

A fancy telescope maybe?

Again, he was answered by Baby Tooth shook her head.

He shrugged before pulling the circular object away, holding it out in front of him. From the looks of it, it seemed like something to wear around the head, kind of like a hat in some way. It doesn't hurt to find outâ€|

Jackson turned back to the mirror and carefully placed it upon his

head, as if it was a delicate piece of art. As soon as it was settled on his head, he gets a good look of his reflection, expecting this thing to fall on one side. But instead, it just stayed on his headâ€¦fitting perfectly. His reflection stared back at him in wonder at the sight of it.

He didn't realize how well his hair color looked with silverâ€¦or how regal he lookedâ€¦

Baby Tooth stared alongside with him in awe; she knew that Jackson could be pretty but never this beautiful. Somehow that thingamabob was giving him some sort of glow thanks to the right position of the light.

Butâ€¦it still doesn't fit him.

Then a familiar sing-song voice broke their respective train of thoughts.

"Jacksonâ€¦oh, Jackson? Let down your hair~!"

\_Crap, it's Mom! \_

The white-haired boy quickly pulled away from the mirror as he removed the circular headgear before grabbing the satchel and stuffs the both of them into the nearest thing he can think of, one of his handmade pots. He then made the beeline over to the large window and peeked out of the window.

"One moment, Mom!" he called down to her before letting his hair down, feeling rather ecstatic to tell his mother what he had done while she was away. She would be so proud of him!

"I've got a big surprise for you~!" Jackson heard her call up as he started to pull back his hair. A surprise giftâ€¦must be an early birthday gift. Well, just wait till he shown her the guy that he stuffed in the closet! After all, his mother had given him so many nice things, so it should be fair for him to return the favor.

"Uhâ€¦I do to!"

"Ooh, I bet my surprise is bigger~!"

Jackson barely contained an excited grin as he continued pulling. "I seriously doubt itâ€¦" he murmured, stealing a glance over to the closet for the moment before turning around to find his mother sitting on the windowsill, smiling brightly with a basket handle resting upon the crook of her arm.

"I brought back some parsnipsâ€¦I'll be making you hazelnut soup for dinner!" Her smile grew bigger as she swung her legs over till her feet touches the floor and stood up with arms opened wide. "Your favorite, surprise~!" her voice had a sing-song tone to it, and the thought of having his favorite meal is enough to make his mouth water.

As much as he loved the thought, Jackson had to get her to see that he is not a weak little boy anymore.

"That's awesome, Mom," he replied, sincerely. "Listen, I've got something to tell youâ€¦"

But just as he opened his mouth, his Mother found a way to interrupt him.

"Oh, baby, you know that I hate leaving you here after a fight, especially when I have done nothing wrong at all."

Jackson blinked in confusion while his mother laid out the grocery supplies from the basket upon the table. When did they fightâ€¦? Never mind, he had to say this now.

"Well, Mom, I gave a lot of thought about what you have said this morningâ€¦"

"I do hope you're still not talking about the stars." Her voice seemed to be low but Jackson had to speak what is on his mind for once. This is his only chance, once in a lifetime even.

\_I have to show her that I'm not a little kid anymore. \_

"F-floating lights, Mom, and, yeah, I'm getting to that!" he didn't want to make it seem like he was being a smart aleck, but Jackson had to show her that even he has his own opinions, what is really on his mind.

"Because I thought that we dropped that particular issue, honey," It sounded sweet to his ears, but unknown to him, his Mother had a slight warning tone behind it. Clearly, didn't want to discuss this "floating lights" further. But there is more than thatâ€¦a bit, maybe.

"N-no, Mom, I'm just saying, you'd think that I'm not strong enough to handle myself out thereâ€¦"

Then there was a laugh escaping from his Mother's lips as she looked over to him, one of her fine dark brows perking up. "Oh, au contraire, babyâ€¦I don't think, I \_know\_â€¦" she replied.

Normally he would say something that would bring him back to her good graces, but Jackson is on a roll here. He was practically inching towards the closet right now. "But if you justâ€¦"

"Jacksonâ€¦we are done talking about this," his Mother's tone was stern, clearly close to the point of "mommy will lose her temper" mode.

"Trust me, Mom! I know what I'm doing-"

"Jackson-!"

"Oh, come on, Iâ€¦" A frustrated cry as heard as she whipped around to face him, her red eyes were now close to the color of blood as she glared at him.

"Enough with this talk about lights, young man! You are not leaving this tower! \_EVER\_"

Jackson flinched visibly when he heard the harsh tone of her

proclamation. His hand slid off of the chair that was keeping the closet sealed up. Never had he seen her losing her temper this bad before—or yelling at him. The corners of his eyes prick a bit; his heart was hammering in his chest. He swallowed a lump inside of his throat, holding back the urge to sob.

His mother let out a heavy sigh as she fell back on her nearest chair. "Oh, great—now I'm the bad guy!" she groaned rather theatrically, as if all that yelling made him not only physically exhausted but also emotionally as well. Jackson felt the all-too-familiar pang of guilt twisting within his chest, still feeling hurt at the fact that she raised her voice at him.

He hated seeing his dear mother upset—especially when it was his fault. He didn't want this to happen, he really does.

Jackson looked up at his mural, seeing the yellow circles representing the floating lights lit up the night sky. He wanted more than just a view from the window—he wanted to be where they are. But his mother—regaining some of his resolve, Jackson took a deep breath and exhaled as he steeled himself.

This is it—

"Mama—I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you upset!" he cleared his throat as Jackson stepped in front of the closet, running his long white hair. He crossed his arms around his chest, as if trying to calm his shaking that he received from the aftermath. "But—I thought I might let you know what I want for my birthday."

"And what would that be?" his mother spoke up, she sounded calm. No longer upset, that's a good sign.

"N-new paint? The kind made from the white shells you once brought me one time?"

This made his mother look up to him, no longer looking angry. "That is at least a three-day trip, Jackson—are you sure?"

Jackson shrugged as he gave her a small smile. "I just thought it might be better than—stars—"

This is the first time that he told a lie to her, and the feeling was really unpleasant. His stomach was twisting and churning at the same time, he gripped his arms a bit more tightly as Jackson tried to not to show that he is shaking. He really hated lying—

Somehow his Mother seemed to bought it when she sighed but smiled nonetheless as she stood up from her chair.

"Are you sure you'll be fine on your own?" she asked, bringing him into her arms, enveloping him into a loving hug.

Jackson sighed in content as he rested his head upon her chest. "I'll be safe—as long as I'm here."

That earned him a kiss upon his head.

He knew that he was forgiven.

\* \* \*

><p>"I'll be back within three daysâ€|I love you very much, Jackson."<p>

"I love you more."

"I love you most."

Jackson smiled as he looked out of the window, watching his mother head for the cave entrance that lead to the outside world. He saw the small figure of his mother waving at him, with a basket hung upon the crook of her arm.

He waved back, still smiling, as his mother's form disappeared through the darkness of the entrance.

Perfect, now is his chance!

He wasted no time to run back to the closet, not before grabbing Mr. Frying Pan, and gingerly took the chair off of the closet. Jackson placed it up in front of him as if it would make a protective barrier from that man. He took a deep breath and exhaled.

"â€|Alrightâ€|"

Grabbing a tassel of his hair, Jackson whipped it to the handle and yanked the closet open. And out comes the manâ€|who fell down face-first.

Still unconsciousâ€|

Jackson blinked as he peered down at him cautiously.  
"Huhâ€|"

Okâ€|now for the hard part.

\* \* \*

><p>As always, leave a comment, review, andor critique.

## 7. Chapter 7: The Boy and the Thief

Just to let you guys know that I'm still alive. While I know that some of my other JackRabbit/BunnyFrost stories are not as good as Ostara, the most important thing is bringing something new for all of you guys to enjoy. I know that I may be slow when it comes to updates, but I am trying my best. After all, fanfiction...creative writing in general, is a form of art, it takes time and careful perfection to get a certain scene right, along with grammar and such. The only thing that matters is not letting you all down.

Plus, Real Life and Writer's Block tend to be nasty combinations...

With that said, please enjoy the Boy in the Tower

Disclaimer: I do not hold the rights to either \_Rise of the



Guardians\_ or \_Tangled\_. They are respectively owned by DreamWorks, Disney, William Joyce, and the Brothers Grimm.

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 6: The Boy and the Thief<p>

\* \* \*

><p>It is official...that guy is heavy. Not to mention, a pain to pull, especially when he had him secured in Mom's favorite chairâ€|<p>

At least he will be getting some muscles out of this, that's a bonus.

Jack quickly leaped up to one of the beams and nodded over to Baby Tooth to work her magic. The small hummingbird glared at the unconscious man before slapping him with her wing. She blinked as she saw that it didn't stir him, not even a little. Not wanting to give up, Baby Tooth slapped him some more, even poking him with her beak.

Still nothingâ€|

Then she hopped to the side so that she is facing his ear.

When all else failsâ€|

"GAH!"

Darknessâ€|that was the first thing that he noticedâ€|

From what Phoenix remembered he stole the crown (with the twins)â€|double-crossed themâ€|barely escaped from that demon horse from Hellâ€|scaled up some tower in a middle of nowhereâ€|oh, and admiring the details of the said crown that he stole.

â€|And then felt something knock him out from behind.

Wonderful...he's getting rustyâ€|and then the rest were rather vague.

Although there were sounds of wood scrapping but it could be nothing. Although, he felt something soft and feathery tickling his cheekâ€|and after that, there was something poking.

Something is offâ€|he could feel itâ€|

â€|in his EAR!

"GAH!" he cried out, vaguely hearing something like a chirp and the sounds of small wings flapping.

Phoenix whipped his head around, taking in his surroundings as he breathed heavily. He's still inside of the towerâ€|everything seemed dark, the only thing that lit this place was some sunlight from the rooftop window. Though it still gave off a creepy atmosphere andâ€|WHY can't he get up from this chair?

He quickly turned his attention downwards and to his surprise, he was tied up.

But not with the garden variety rope (he could easily get out of those with a few tricks mind you), instead he was tied up in a rather unusual material. Waitâ€¦is thisâ€¦

"Is thisâ€¦hairâ€¦?!"

The light shone from above gave the hair a whitish glow, and looking around he could see more hair snaking around not just the floor, but certain parts of the tower. Then a feeling of dread hits him. What if this tower housed a hermit loony that outgrows her hair?!

And is about to keep him as a sex slave!

Dear God in Heaven, he's too beautiful for that horrible fate!

"Stru-strugglingâ€¦" he heard from above just when he was about to struggle out of his bonds. "Struggling won't help you!"

Phoenix blinked at the sound of that voice. Huh, a guyâ€¦and from the way he sounded, he seemed young. Then he looked around as he tried to find the source, until he looked up. He squints his, seeing a hunched figure upon the beams, hidden by the shadows around them. Huh, at least it was not an insane hermit woman. That reassured him and while he is not the one to judge, but how could he have THIS much hair? And is it this naturally white? Whatever, he's sure that he'll get his answer from that guy.

Before he could speak, the figure leaped down-more like hopped-with the most extraordinary grace that he had ever seen while still keeping into the shadows and brandished some kind of weapon. Phoenix tried to see more features, only to know that the hair originate to his head.

"I-I know why you're hereâ€¦and I'm not afraid of you."

The thief narrowed his eyes in confusion.

"What?" It was the only intelligent thing that he could say in a situation like this. Is this guy serious?

The figure seemed to be hesitant, and made a step towards the literal spotlight that he was under. To be honest, Phoenix was half-expecting the figure to be gangly and hideous. But to his surprise, when the figure stepped into the light, he was stunned.

Indeed, he was right about the figure being a guy â€"and a young one at that. While looking thin, he seemed to be slender despite the attire of a loose V-neck white shirt and dark brown trousers. His skin was pale, probably never been in the sun for years but at the same time doesn't look sickly. More like it was kissed by the Moon itself, for a better lack of description. While his hair was ridiculously long, the remaining have a spiky look that stuck on top of his head. The way the light hits it made it seem like he has a halo around him. His face was slightly angular but has a small amount of baby fat, showing that he is neither a child nor an adult; almost

giving him an androgynous look that many tried to pull off but failed. His eyesâ€|so blue and brilliantâ€|

"Who are you? And how did you find me?" he spoke up, sounding more clearly and slightly confident.

"Ah-haâ€|." He spoke with awe, finding himself unable to form any response or pull his attention away. Don't get him wrong, gender doesn't really matter to Phoenix (though he leaned a bit to the ladies), but as long as they are good looking, he is golden. But damn, does this one take the cake! Good-looking doesn't do him justice.

Beautifulâ€|yeah, beautiful is more like it.

The boy narrowed his eyes as he raise up his weapon-which looked like those hook-stick thingies that is used for herding sheep- like a sword or a club.

"Who are you and how did you find me?" he repeated his question again, only this time his tone was more firm, as if reassuring himself to be confident, his grip around the stick tightens but not too hard to the point of breaking the wood. He looked like he was ready to strike him if the older man would ever move a muscle. (Not that he could at the moment).

Hearing the question a second time, Phoenix finally decided to speak to the mystery boy as he cleared his throat.

Alrightâ€|time to work his magic.

"I know not who you areâ€|nor how I came to find you, but may I just sayâ€|" then he gave him a saucy smile.

"Hey~"

The boy stared at him, probably speechless at his sheer hotness.

"How's it going? The name's Phoenix Carpenter. How's your day been, huh?" Phoenix wiggled his eyebrows for an effect. It normally reduced most ladies to butter, so it would make this one melt as well. Flirt a little, and maybe try to persuade him to untie his hairâ€|

Then the boy scoffed as he gripped his staff tighter, glaring at him.

â€|That was unexpected.

"Who else know where I am, Phoenix Carpenterâ€|if that is your \_REAL\_ name." he placed an emphasis on the word real as he pointed the hooked end near his nose, leaning in a bit close.

That was REALLY unexpectedâ€|alright, kitten whispering over, time to get serious. Sighing, the grey-haired man dropped the suave guy attitude and looked up to the latter with disinterest.

"Alright, look, Snowflakeâ€|" Phoenix began but once again was cut off.

"Jackson."

He blinked as Phoenix stared up at him with a grey eyebrow raised.

"â€|Jackie thenâ€|" Jacksonâ€|Jackieâ€|Snowflake, what's the difference? "Here's how it is: I was in bit of a jam, just minding my own business in the forest-" And trying to evade authorities as much as possible, he mentally tacked on. "I came across your tower. Thenâ€|"

That is when he paused.

Phoenix just realized somethingâ€|it only took five seconds for him.

And four, three, two, andâ€|

"Noâ€|.nonononono! My satchel, where is it?!" He looked around the chair, trying to see if it's still attached to him. Unfortunately, it was absent at the moment. Phoenix tried to calm himself by picturing a sandy beachâ€|lots of moneyâ€|maybe a fruity drink with those small umbrellas for some reason but it was necessary.

Never mind the fact that said object contained his only ticket to those thingsâ€|ok, he's only making it worse. When Phoenix looked up, he saw the white-haired boy smirking at him, resembling a cat that tried to look like it didn't killed the canary.

"I've hidden it, somewhere you can't find it." He sounded a bit smug, overconfident even...obvious signs of bluffing. Pretty as he seems, this kid really needed to work on his poker face.

Phoenix looked around a bit, calculating the possibilities inside his head and thinking up so many scenarios around this floor, he finally came up a solution.

"It's in that ugly pot isn't it?"

â€|.

THWACK!

\* \* \*

><p>I know it's short compared to the past chapters but hopefully the future ones will be a bit longer and more eventful.<p>

End  
file.